

Rode to their Death.

By W. M. Wooster.



ABOUT fifty miles north of the Horn Mountains, and forty miles south from the Yellowstone River, in southeastern Montana, live the tribe of fearless Northern Cheyenne Indians. A few decades ago they ranged the great plains, following the buffalo, but are now attached to the Tongue River Agency.

The men are tall, well-built, brave; and their women are proverbially chaste. With the disappearance of the game and the decadence of intertribal warring, the young braves have had little or no opportunity to show their prowess.

In the summer of 1890, two young men—Head Chief and Young Mule—who had failed to find favor with the maidens of their choice, took to the war-path to win distinction and wives. A moon! and the disappointed lovers, wearing their eagle feathers red-tipped, as warriors do, were again at home.

Rumors of their return soon reached their Agent, who recalled that a white herder living near the reservation had been missing from his home for nearly a month.

The returned braves were questioned. They openly admitted going on the war-path and killing the herder. A detachment of the two troops of cavalry stationed at the Agency, assisted by some Northern Cheyennes, made search for the body. It was found on the evening of September 9, and had been scalped.

Fearing trouble, three additional troops were hurriedly sent from Keogh, Montana, and the Agent called a council